

**THE DRAMA;**  
OR,  
**THEATRICAL**  
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**MR. KEAN,**

[as *Macbeth*.]

"See! where with terror blanch'd the guilty *Thane*,  
Starts at the air—drawn dagger of the brain;  
In vain he strives to catch the nodding prize,  
'Tis nought—his bloody purpose dimm'd his eyes—

See! where he rushes forth with haggard eye;  
The reeking poniards clench'd of bloody eye,  
Wild staring, speechless, wan,—his shaking frame  
Rent with fierce torments and devouring flame."

The Tragedy of *Macbeth* has long been one of the most popular of SHAKESPEARE's plays; and we are not at all surprised at it. It has all the materials of popularity: rapid incident, powerful distinctness of character, and language of the highest rank of poetry: its beauties are of a more palpable kind, and come more home to the common apprehension than those of *Lear*, *Hamlet*, *The Tempest*, or *Othello*, which are yet perhaps superior, and most assuredly do not yield to it in excellence. But, however we may rank it in the scale with the other plays of the bard, it is, at all events, a most glorious production, and one which exalts the poet far above the greatest writers of any time

No. 41.—Vol. VI.

or any country. The author, in writing this tragedy, was relieved from the pressures which sometimes appear to have hung so heavily upon him. He was not forced to submit himself to any circumstantial narrative; he had nothing of tradition, but that faint and general outline which might direct, but not restrain, the vigorous step of a poet; and his mighty imagination was free to fill the void with all the "shapes of flood and fire"—all that superstition or feeling could call up for the wonder or the delight of men. It has long been a point of much controversy among SHAKESPEARE'S admirers to ascertain whether *Macbeth*, or *Othello*, or *The Tempest*, was the best or more perfect among the astonishing instances of poetic art which our great bard has left us. It is clear to our perception, that, in constructing the play of *Othello*, he has manifested the most judgment; in *Macbeth* the greatest portion of literary beauty; but in *The Tempest* the greatest genius; inasmuch as, when he wrote *Othello*, he seems to have condescended to have walked for a few paces, in the trammels of *The Stagyrte*, and, by suffering his ample wings to be clipped, for a season, he never wanders so far out of the region of the judgment as in his antecedent flights; and by pursuing this sort of agency, in this particular case, he has received the sanction of those dramatic inquisitors who have been accustomed to measure the brightest exertions of the human imagination by a Grecian scale, and who have acquired a greater authority in society by the grave pertinacity of their manners than the wisdom of their argument: although we must admit, that there is much documental force in the writings of the elder critics upon the stage, such as PLUTARCH, SCALIGER, ATHENEUS, and LILIUS GERALDUS, yet we must not confound their obligatory maxims, in the formation of a play, with the affected institutes of lesser men. Though such a demi-divine bard as SHAKESPEARE could

"Snatch a grace beyond the reach of art,"  
and, like some renowned captains, justify his deviation from rule by the success of his means; yet, the common security of reason and her attributes, in the first point, as well as the common security of an empire, in the other,

demands that such deviations should be countenanced, by those who rule, with cold and circumspective caution. The French dramatists pay more attention to the Greek models than we do, particularly in their tragedies, but we could never perceive that any of them possessed that blaze of genius which so eminently characterised our SHAKSPEARE: and, though there are fine and glowing passages in the *Cid* of CORNEILLE, and the *Athalie* of RACINE, yet in neither of them is found those marks of that supreme and unbounded imagination which are displayed in every one of SHAKSPEARE'S productions, more or less. (1)

When SHAKSPEARE conceived the idea of writing *Macbeth*, he had the elements of the mere mortal parts of that drama presented for his consideration by BUCHANAN, HOLLINGSHEAD, HECTOR BOETHIUS, HEYWOOD, HEYLIN, &c., and, with such aid, the mere writing of such scenes would have been at best, though a meritorious, yet a human effort. But when he undertook to call the Thracian *Hecate* from the realms of *Erebus*, of night and superstition, to superintend and impel the diabolical progress of murder and treason, he felt his own creative power, and incomparable genius, that enabled him

“To give to airy nothing

A local habitation and a name.”

He fashioned the *Weird Sisters* and the other hags, who

(1) “As the clay of his frame lay benumb'd in a dream,  
On the violet-clad bank of smooth Ayon's clear stream;  
The *Muses*, though coy to the rest of mankind,  
Ran, jocund, to light the vast caves of his mind;  
Bore his harp to MINERVA, who marshall'd its sound,  
And hung fancy's elegant symbols around:  
As the high-aiming minstrel imbib'd in his thought,  
All that destiny wil'd, or that Heaven had wrought;  
With his keen mental eye, nature's source to discern,  
He pass'd the dread fence of mortality's bourn;  
Presum'd through the mists of *Tartarean* gloom,  
And hail'd the lean Fates at their ominous loom:  
Dash'd the horrors he saw, with his spell-working pen.  
Then awoke, with the scroll, to raise wonder 'mid men.”

are so wonderfully interwoven in the machinery of this truly grand play, with facility and apparent truth : he traced the contour of each with his magical pencil, and gave such language to such characters, as peculiarly suited their infernal interference or mission ; for, as ADDISON has very properly observed, there is a solemnity in their incantations admirably adapted to the occasion of the tragedy, which fills the mind with a suitable horror. We now turn to the principal part in the play.

The character of *Macbeth* is a master-piece ; and one that, if it could have been sketched, could scarcely have been sustained by any other hand than SHAKSPEARE. His character is so beautifully described by his ambitious wife, that it seems like presumption to add a jot to her delineation.—

——“ Thou would’st be great ;  
Art not without ambition ; but without  
The illness should attend it. What thou would’st highly,  
That would’st thou holily ; would’st not play false,  
And yet wouldst wrongly win ; thoud’st have great *Glamis*,  
That which cries, thus thou must do if thou have it ;  
And that which rather thou dost fear to do,  
Than wishest should be undone.”

Act 1, Sc. 5.

*Macbeth* is daring and irresolute,—ambitious and submissive,—treacherous and affectionate,—superstitious and careless of the future,—a murderer and a penitent, he is full of that strong contradiction which is to be found no-where but in SHAKSPEARE and in nature. But the character takes a strong hold upon our affections. As an unmingled cold, and gloomy murderer, or as the mere subordinate of an ambitious wife, or as a man of high quality, urged to a ferocious act by an impulse above his nature, *Macbeth* would have lost his impression on us : but as a compound of all, a perfect interest is excited ; and he passes from the scene, leaving a feeling in which pity predominates over justice, and our natural abhorrence of his crimes is sunk in our admiration of the struggles of his virtue. It is in this character that the great end for which the “Tragic Muse first trod the stage” is fully answered by the truly instructive moral which must be drawn from it,



proving that no individual can be happy, who witholds his wishes for the happiness of others; and that even the force and charms of valour, power, conquest and disdaint, cannot make the possessor either great or enviable, who violates the first injunctions of heaven to gratify a delusive and unwarrantable ambition.

The performance of this character by Mr. KEAN has not a little contributed to add to the popularity of his talents: and altho' popular opinion is sometimes erroneous, yet it is generally correct, and in this instance we think particularly so, for we consider that Mr. KEAN's personation of this difficult part will bear a strict comparison with that of any other actor, past or present. Shallow conception of his author has been a point strongly urged against him by a critic in his remarks upon this performance, and who almost immediately afterwards asserts that he has opened a new and shorter way to the comprehension of SHAKSPEARE for the accommodation of the vulgar!—Really, this is so singular a mode of proving a position, that we can but pause to admire it. We must, however, give the illustration which accompanies it “Suppose a schoolmaster should profess to teach Greek by putting the characters into English, would not this be deemed quackery?” We believe it is a matter of little consequence how the characters or the language either he taught, provided it be truly taught; and he who expedites the matter is certainly entitled to some credit, whether he does it in English characters or Greek ones.

It has generally been understood that perspicuity is among the first requisites of good writing. “I cannot say”, said a Critic “whether PERSIUS is a good writer or not, because I do not understand him.”—“For that very reason”, replied DRYDEN “I say he is not a good writer.” This reasoning will apply very well to SHAKSPEARE. Wherever he is obscure he must be content to be misrepresented: wherever his meaning is not evident, every man will put that construction on his language which best accords with his own taste. But SHAKSPEARE does not rest his claims to our admiration on doubtful points of poetical excellence; it is in those admirable delineations of the mind—that correct portraiture of the effects of the passions which all can recognize. It is on these points that

the claims of SHAKSPEARE rest. We can pardon Mr. KEAN many little oversights of his author. It is no disgrace to be "a step lower than SHAKSPEARE" for where is the man in any age that has equalled him? and we believe it almost an impossibility for one man to embody the various emotions of the mind as correctly as "the Bard of Nature" has conceived them. To say that our actor does not enter into the spirit of his author;—to say that his *Macbeth* is not the *Macbeth* of SHAKSPEARE, is to urge objections that ought to have no weight: because they are founded on individual opinion. But further—it has been asserted by a celebrated writer (1) that the portraits of our best living artists exhibit as strikingly and as much beyond question, certain qualities of their own minds as of the persons they intend to represent, and that no painter can put into the visages he draws more profoundness of thought flexibility of fancy, or animation of soul than exist in his own mind. Now, if this reasoning be correct, and we believe it is, it follows that the *Macbeth* of every actor must vary according to the constitution of the man. The degrees of excellence, therefore, to which an actor has attained can be justly determined in no other way than by a survey of the effects produced. Let us then examine the character of *Macbeth* that we may see where Mr. KEAN suffers its interest to escape from his exertion.

*Macbeth* may be considered as an ambitious man checked in his views of future greatness, partly by the dread of ill success and partly by the warnings of his conscience. In the first part, he who would personate this character, has to display a degree of surprize elevated by hope, yet depressed by doubt. This is a sort of mental exhibition which requires nothing beyond that strong expression of countenance for which Mr. KEAN is remarkable. We admit that he does not look the hero, but his eye, full of fire, his countenance full of expression, and every nerve animated and full of spirit cover every defect which can be produced to mar the effect of his performances. Who reads not in his eye the contrived murder his mind contemplates when he asks himself the question—

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(1) GODWIN—*Life of Chaucer*, Vol. 4. App. No. 2.

"Why do I yield to that suggestion,  
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair  
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs  
Against the use of nature?"

And again in the delivery of the following lines who does not recognize the recurring fears of reason and honour?

"If chance will have me king,  
Why chance may crown me without my stir."

In soliloquies we think Mr. KEAN is generally inferior to his tragic competitors YOUNG and MACREADY. He does not deliver them as the unmoved cogitations of the mind. He seems to address them to the audience as speeches. He sometimes plays with them by making points. This is overstepping the modesty of nature. It exhibits the trifling inclination to set on some quantity of barren spectators to yield their noisy and obtrusive signs of approbation. The nature of his voice does not allow him sufficiently to vary its expression, where that expression cannot be assisted by action. His reasoning is neither rendered clear by his pauses, nor emphatic by his points. He does not seem to be formed by nature to think at all. He is all soul, and all intent on action. His looks appear to be resolved on murder, while his reasoning is against it. At that period when he replies to *Lady Macbeth's* exhortation to the murder in the following strain, he must at least have been hesitating on its propriety:

"Pr'y thee peace:

I dare do all that may become a man,  
Who dares do more is none."

In this passage Mr. KEAN does not, like Mr. YOUNG, give us the fiery ebullition of an indignant mind, but the cold reasoning of a book-taught moralist. He recovers the character of the determined murderer at the words,

"I'm settled and bend up  
Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.  
Away, and mock the time with fairest show,  
False face must hide what this false heart doth know."

In the dagger scene Mr. KEAN is neither so awfully impressive as his great predecessor KEMBLE, nor so controllingly terrific as YOUNG. He is unable to find variety of voice sufficient to supply the demand of such continued exertion. In his eye, however, we may find the emotions of his soul, similar emotions to those which wrapt the mind of his author—but his tongue cannot deliver them. In the following scene, when he returns with the daggers, his otherwise defective voice is of great advantage to him. Here he is truly original, and awfully impressive. The terror, the anxiety—the almost unseated tenure of the mind—the trembling frame—the haggard eye—the voice almost stifled by guilt, blaze upon the audience with an electric flame. At the discovery of the murdered *Duncan* in the celebrated speech.

“Who can be wise, amazed, temperate, and furious,  
Loyal, and neutral in a moment?—No man.”

delivered so beautifully by YOUNG, he falls somewhat short of the impressive and plausible effect which it has in the hands of that gentleman. In the scenes previous to the banquet, he displays nothing particularly excellent. Mr. KEAN to appear to advantage must have scope for action: in mere declamation he can effect but little. It is this busy action that renders his *Richard* so delightful.

When the ghost of the murdered *Banquo* fills the vacant seat, we are amply repaid for the defects of which we have spoken. From the words “*the table's full*” to the disappearance of the spectre we can point out no look, or word or action that does not fully accord with the impressive terror of the scene.

In the scene with the *Wierd Sisters*, Mr. KEAN keeps up the effect in a more superior manner, that we ever observed from an actor. His rage—his almost madness when he sees in the glass the issue of *Banquo*, who are to wear the crown, are excellently exhibited and with particular success. The deplorable state to which he has reduced himself, expressed in the lines which follow, was not exhibited so fully as they are susceptible of. The anguish, the deep regret they demand was not bestowed on them.

" I have liv'd long enough : my way of life,  
Is fallen into the sear, the yellow leaf,  
And that which should accompany old age  
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,  
I must not look to have : but in their stead,  
Curses, not loud, but deep : 'mouth-honour, breath ;  
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not."

In the bustle of the fight, as may naturally be supposed Mr. KEAN becomes the very "giant of the scene," and exhibits all that fire and energy, for which his acting is so justly and deservedly celebrated ; and when he breathes his last—his despair is so thrillingly pourtrayed, as to leave a deadening impression on the mind of the spectator, which we think it out of the power of any other actor to effect. It is here that his mighty genius and judgment are alike conspicuous. The scene of his guilty life closes—hell seems to drag him down—his soul appears lost for ever—to wake to darkness, guilt and horror—to enter that fiery lake—that universe of deaths—

" Where all life dies, death lives and nature breathes,  
Perverse all monstrous, all prodigious things ;  
Abominable, unutterable, and worse,  
Than fables e'er have feign'd, or fear conceived  
Gorgons, and Hydras, and Chimæra's dire."

Mr. KEAN is not accompanied in every character by any fixed manner of his own. His manner is various. Like the colours of the camelion, it is changed by changing circumstances. As water usually "tastes of the soil through which it last passed," so Mr. KEAN's manner commonly "takes a tincture" from the character he is playing. In *Othello* he is dignified—in *Iago* he is a hypocrite—in *Richard* he displays the sternness of cruelty—in *Shylock* its inveteracy—in *Macbeth* he mimics guilt. He takes his ideas of these passions and principles, not from the abstract enquiries of philosophers, but from conceptions, which are common to all. He gives to us the outlines of characters, which all can appreciate. The likeness of his portraits is strong :—the impression is lasting. A connoisseur may, perhaps, discover numerous little touches, which he may

consider as aberrations from the original : a critic may fancy himself capable of improving his ideas, and correcting the whole performance, but these trifles are lost in the grand contour of the piece. The full, free, and striking objects, that this great actor presents to our eyes, may be better dressed ; but as they are self derived "without father—without mother,"—their intrinsic value would be but little augmented by the added finery of a foreign garb. To sum up all in a few words—we believe the character of *Macbeth* is played, beyond all comparison, better by Mr. KEAN, than by any other actor now on the boards.

### LINES TO MR. YOUNG,

*Written after witnessing the Performances of "Sir Per-  
tinax Macsycophant," in the "Man of the World."*

"Ornement du théâtre, incomparable acteur."

Le Père Bon urs.

Is this the noble Roman ?—Can this be  
The man who struck for liberty and Rome ?  
"Bald fronted *Cæsar*," is this really he  
Who in thy blood bath'd thy fallen rivals statue  
And at Philippi with the self same steel  
Reveng'd thee on himself ?—Where is the look  
Noble and haughty ? Where is the proud step  
That told how ill that soul could brook restraint ?  
Is this the *Dane* ?—Is this the princely *Hamlet* ?  
"The glass of fashion and the mould of form,  
The observed of all observers ?"—Is this he  
Whose voice, look, action we so much admir'd  
When in his guilty mother's breast he roused  
The sleeping lion, conscience ?—Is this he  
For whom the dead revisited the earth  
To make him the avenger of the murder'd ?  
Where is the dignity, the majesty  
That shone e'en through the mask of lunacy  
That circumstance forced on him ?—Where the sense  
Of honour rising still pre-eminent  
Amid the horrid strangeness of his fate

Can ought be trac'd, or of the high soul'd Roman,  
 Or the accomplish'd *Hamlet*, in yon mean  
 And despicable sycophant?—the slave  
 To fortune and the servile adorator  
 Of power, whether deck'd in virtue's garb  
 Or clogg'd with crime's most hated attributes:  
 No—e'en the link connecting man with man  
 Seems broken, and we almost deem, that he,  
 Who, in his country's cause resigned his life,  
 Must in the law of nature be distinct  
 From him, who, on the wreck of worlds would smile  
 So he might prosper, as the Forest King  
 The mighty lion—from the bloated toad.

YOUNG! upon thee long since MELPOMENE  
 Bestow'd her choicest gifts. Now, for the truth  
 With which thou didn't embody the fine satire—  
 On the all grasping worldling—take the wreath  
 Her sister muse presents thee,—Doubly crowned  
 Thy name shall pass down to posterity  
 Nor be forgotten while the Drama lives.

G. J. DE. WILDR.

*Marylebone.*

## SHAKSPEARIANA.

### No. XV.

Shakspeare, thou had'st as smooth a comic vein,  
 Fitting the sock, and in thy natural brain  
 As strong conception, and as clear a rage  
 As any one that traffick'd with the stage.  
 M. Drayton's "Elegy to Henry Reynolds, Esq. of Poets and Poesy."

### "TAMING OF THE SHREW."

"It has been hitherto supposed (observes Dr. FARMER) that SHAKSPEARE was the author of "*The Taming of the Shrew*," but his property in it is extremely disputable. I will give my opinion, and the reasons on which it is founded. I suppose, then, the present play, not *originally* the work of SHAKSPEARE, but restored by him to the stage, with the whole induction of the *Tinker*, and some other occasional



improvements, especially in the character of *Petruchio*. It is very obvious that the Induction and the Play were either the works of different hands, or written at a great interval of time. The former is in our author's *best* manner, and a great part of the *latter* in his *worst*, or even below it. Dr. WARBURTON declares it to be certainly spurious; and, without doubt, *supposing* it to have been written by SHAKSPEARE, it must have been one of his earliest productions. Yet it is not mentioned in the list of his Works by MERES, in 1598.

"I have met with a facetious piece of Sir JOHN HARRINGTON, printed in 1596, (and possibly there may be an earlier edition,) called "*The Metamorphosis of Ajax*," where I suspect an allusion to the old play: "Read the Booke of '*Taming a Shrew*,' which hath made a number of us so perfect, that *now* every one can rule a shrewe in our country, save he that hath hir." I am aware a *modern* linguist may object that the word *book* does not at present seem *dramatic*, but it was once *technically* so: GOSSON, in his "*Schoole of Abuse*," containing a pleasant invective against poets, pipers, players, jesters, and suchlike caterpillars of a commonwealth," 1578, mentions "twoo prose bookes played at the Bell-Sauage;" and HEARNE tells us, in a note at the end of William of Worcester; that he had seen a MS. in the nature of a *playe* or *interlude*, intituled, '*The Booke of Sir Thos. Moore*.'"

And, in fact, there is such an old *anonymous* play in Mr. POPE's list,—"*A pleasant conceited Historie, called 'The Taming of a Shrew,' sundrie times acted by the Earl of Pembroke his servants*," which seems to have been republished by the remains of that Company in 1607, when SHAKSPEARE's copy appeared at the Blackfriars or the Globe. Nor let this seem derogatory from the character of our poet. There is no reason to believe that he wanted to claim the play as his own; for it was not even printed till some years after his death, but he merely revived it on his stage as a manager.

In support of what I have said relative to this play, let me only observe further at present, that the author of *Hamlet* speaks of *Gonsago* and his wife *Baptista*; but the author of the "*Taming of the Shrew*" knew *Baptista* to be

the name of a man. Mr. CAPELL indeed made me doubt, by declaring the authenticity of it to be confirmed by Sir ASTON COCKAYN. I knew Sir ASTON was much acquainted with the writers subsequent to SHAKSPEARE; and I was not inclined to dispute his authority: but how was I surprised, when I found that COCKAYN ascribes nothing more to SHAKSPEARE than the *Induction*, *Wincot Ale*, and the *Beggar*. I hope this was only a slip of Mr. CAPELL's memory. FARMER.

The following is Sir ASTON's Epigram:—

"To Mr. CLEMENT FISHER of *Wincot*.

"SHAKSPEARE your *Wincot ale* hath much renown'd,  
That fox'd a beggar so (by chance was found  
Sleeping) that there needed not many a word  
To make him to believe he was a lord:  
But you affirm (and in it seem most eager)  
'Twill make a lord as drunk as any beggar.  
Bid NORTON brew such ale as SHAKSPEARE fancies  
Did put *Kit Sly* into such lordly trances:  
And let us meet there (for a fit of gladness)  
And drink ourselves merry in sober sadness."

Sir A. COCKAYN's *Poems*, 1659, p. 124.

In spite of the great deference which is due from every commentator to Dr. FARMER's judgment, I own I cannot agree with him on the present occasion. I know not to whom I could impute this comedy, if SHAKSPEARE was not its author. I think his hand is visible in every scene, though perhaps not so evidently as in those which pass between *Katharine* and *Petruchio*.

I once thought that the name of this play might have been taken from an old story entitled, "*The Wyflapped in Morell's Skin; or, The Taming of a Shrew*:" but I have since discovered among the entries in the books of the Stationers' Company the following:—

"PETER SHORTE] May 2, 1594. A pleasaunt conceyted hystorie, called *The Taminge of a Shrowe*." It is likewise entered to NICH. LING. Jan. 22, 1606; and to JNO. SMYTHWICKE, Nov. 19, 1607.

It was no uncommon practice among the authors of the age of SHAKSPEARE to avail themselves of the titles of ancient performances. Thus, as Mr. WARTON has ob-

served. SPENSER sent out his *Pastorals* under the title of "*The Shepherd's Kalendar*," a work which had been printed by WYNKEN DE WORDE, and reprinted about 20 years before these poems of SPENSER appeared, viz. 1559.

Dr. PERCY, in the first volume of his "*Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*," is of opinion that "*The Frolicsome Duke, or the Tinker's Good Fortune*," an ancient ballad in the PEPPY'S Collection might have suggested to SHAKSPEARE the *Induction* for this Comedy. The following story, however, which might have been the parent of all the rest, is related by BURTON in his "*Anatomy of Melancholy*," edit. 1632, p. 649. "A Tartar prince, saith MARCUS POLUS, lib. ii. cap. 28, called SENEX DE MONTIBUS, the better to establish his government amongst his subjects, and to keepe them in awe, found a convenient place in a pleasant valley environed with hills, in which he made a dillitious parke full of odoriferous flowers and fruits, and a palace full of all worldly contents, that could possibly be devised, musick, pictures, variety of meats, &c. and chose out a certaine young man, whom with a soporiferous potion he so benumbed that he perceived nothing; and so faste asleep as he was, caused him to be conveyed into this faire garden. Where after he had lived awhile in all such pleasures a sensuall man could desire, he caste him into a sleepe againe, and brought him forth, that when he waked he might tell others he had been in Paradise."—MARCO PAOLO, quoted by BURTON, was a traveller of the 13th century.

BEAUMONT and FLETCHER wrote, what may be called a sequel to this comedy, viz. "*The Woman's Prize, or the Tamer Tamed*," in which *Petruchio* is tamed by a second wife.—

STEEVENS.

Among the books of my friend, the late Mr. WILLIAM COLLINS of Chichester (now dispersed) was a collection of short comic stories in prose, printed in black letter, under the year 1500: "sett forth by Maister RICH. EDWARDS, mayster of her Majesties Revels." Among these tales was that of the *Induction* of the *Tinker* in SHAKSPEARE'S "*Taming of the Shrew*;" and perhaps EDWARDS'S story book was the immediate source from which SHAKSPEARE, or rather the author of the old "*Taming of a Shrew*,"

drew that diverting epilogue. If I recollect right, the circumstances almost tallied with an incident which HÆTERUS relates from an epistle of LUDOVICUS VIVES, to have actually happened at the marriage of Duke PHILIP THE GOOD of Burgundy, about 1440. That perspicuous annalist, who lived about 1580, says this story was told to VIVES by an old officer of the Duke's Court.

T. WARTON.

The earliest English original of this story in prose, that I have met with is the following, which is found in GOULART's *Admirable and Memorable Histories*, translated by E. GRIMSTONE, 4to. 1607; but this tale (which GOULART translated from HÆTERUS) had undoubtedly appeared in English in some other shape before 1594.

PHILIP called the Good, Duke of Burgundy, in the memory of our ancestors, being at Bruxelles with his Court, and walking one night after supper through the streets, accompanied with some of his favourites, he found lying upon the stones a certaine artisan that was very dronke, and that slept soundly. It pleased the prince in this artizan to make trial of the vanity of our life, whereof he had before discoursed with his familiar friends. He therefore caused this sleeper to be taken up and carried into his palace; he commands him to be layed in one of the richest beds; a riche night cap to be given him; his fout shirt to be taken off, and to have another put on him of fine holland. When as this drunkard had digested his wine and began to awake, behold there comes about his bed pages and groomes of the Duke's chamber who drew the curteines and make many courtesies, and being bareheaded aske him if it please him to rise and what apparell it would please him to put on that day. They bring him rich apparell. This new Monsieur amazed at such courtesie, and doubting whether he dreamed or waked, suffered himself to be drest and led out of the chamber. There came noblemen which saluted him with all honour, and conduct him to the Masse, where with great ceremonie they gave him the booke of the Gospell and the Pixe to kisse, as they did usually to the Duke. From the Masse they bring him back to the Pallace; he washes his handes and sits downe at the table well furnished. After dinner the great Chamberlayne

commands cards to be brought, with a great summe of money. This Duke in imagination playes with the chiefe of the Court. Then they carry him, to walk in the garden and to hunt the hare and to hawke. They bring him back unto the pallace, where he sups in state. Candles being light, the musitions begin to playe and the tables taken away, the gentlemen and gentlewomen fell to dancing. Then they plaied a pleasant Comedie, after which followed a Banket, whereat they had presently store of Ipocras and pretious wine, with all sorts of confitures, to this prince of the new impression; so as he was dronke, and fell soundly asleepe. Hereupon the Duke commanded that he should be disrobed of all his rich attire. He was put into his old ragges and carried into the same place where he had been found the night before; where he spent that night. Being awake in the morning he began to remember what had happened before:—he knewe not—whether it were true indeed or a dream that had troubled his braine. But in the end, after many discourses he concludes that all was but a dreame, that had happened to him; and so entertained his wife, his children, and his neighbours, without any other apprehension.”

MALONE.

A story similar, to this of the Emperor Charles V is related by Sir RICHARD BARCKLEY, in “*A Discourse on the Felicitie of Man*” 1598, p. 24—but the frolic seems better suited to the gaiety of the gallant FRANCIS or to the revelry of the boisterous HENRY than to the cold and distant manners of the reserved CHARLES; of whose private character, however, historians have taken but slight notice.

HOLT WHITE.

MALONE imagines this play to have been written in 1596.

## DRAMATIC PARODIES.

### No. III.

I do remember a cooks shop—  
And here about it stands—him late I noted  
In tuck'd-up sleeves, with night-cap o'er his brows,  
Cutting up joints—pleas'd were his looks,

The fatt'ning trade had cover'd well his bones,  
 And in his reeky shop a sirloin hung,  
 A buttock stuff'd; nice tripe, and other strings  
 Of well spic'd sausages—and upon his board  
 A sovereign remedy for empty stomachs,  
 Green peas and ducks, pork steaks and mutton chops,  
 Remnant of goose, pigeon-pye and plates of ham,  
 Were amply set out to make up a show.  
 Noting this plenty to myself I said,  
 An' if a man did need a dinner now,  
 Whose dainty sinell is present appetite,  
 Here lives a greasy rogue would cater one.  
 If I may trust the flattering truth of nose,  
 This should be Porridge Island—  
 Being twelve o' th' clock—the Knives and Forks are laid.

T. T.

Chester, Feb. 20th 1824.

## DRAMATIC FRAGMENTA.

"We may read and read again, and still glean something new, something to please, and something to instruct."

HURDIS.

### 159.—JOY KILLS AS WELL AS GRIEF.

Miss SMITH, a young lady who played the character of *Amelia* in the Comedy of *The Twin Rivals* at Covent Garden theatre some years ago, died last week in this town (Norwich) in the following extraordinary manner. A young gentleman of a good family and great expectancy, had long had a *tendre* for her, but desisted from making her any serious offers, because he feared his friends would object to the match, on account of the young lady's want of fortune, she having given up every shilling of some property which had been bequeathed to her, to rescue a parent from ruin. Her theatrical prospects not appearing very promising, the young gentleman generously told her, that, if she would quit the stage, he would make her his wife, in spite of any objections of his friends; as she tenderly

loved him, the excess of her joy was such, on hearing the declaration, that she sunk into his arms and died immediately." *From a letter dated Feb. 1779.*

#### 160.—"ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE."

This was the name of one of RICH's most celebrated pantomimes, which was produced at C.G.T. 1740, and had a great run. If we may believe the descriptions of its splendour and ingenuity, which have reached us, it has scarcely been surpassed by any subsequent exhibition of that house. Among other accounts of its cleverness, I have met with the following in the "*Scots Magazine*" for March 1740.

"*Orpheus and Eurydice*" draws the whole town to Covent Garden Theatre; whether for the opera itself, (the words of which are miserable stuff) or for the pantomimical interlude, with which it is intermixed, I cannot determine. The music is pretty good, and the tricks are not foolisher than usual, and some have said they have more meaning than most that have preceded them. The performance is grand, as to the scenery. What pleases almost every body, is a regular growth of trees, represented more like nature than what has yet been seen upon the stage; and the representation of a serpent, so lively, as to frighten half the ladies who see it. It is indeed curious in its kind, being wholly a piece of machinery, that enters, performs its exercise of head, body and tail, in a most surprising manner, and rushes behind the curtain with a velocity scarce credible. It is about a foot and a half in circumference, at the thickest part; and far exceeds the former custom of stuffing a boy into such likeness. It is believed to have cost more than £200; and when the multitude of wheels, springs, &c. whereof it consists, are considered, the charge will not appear extravagant. The whole Royal Family have seen this performance: and from what can be judged, every body else will see it before the end of the season: the house being every day full at 3 o'Clock though seldom empty till after 11."

It is rather remarkable that this piece, though so much admired when first produced, and revived at various



periods with great success, was stoutly opposed when brought forward at C. G. T. in Oct. 1787, and withdrawn after the second performance.

161.—SONNET TO MISS STEPHENS.

(Written in 1816.)

STEPHENS! who now begin'st thy bright career,  
In glory rivalling Italia's clime,  
Thy native notes long may our England hear,  
Thy voice melodious, sweet, of pow'r sublime.  
Oft may'st thou weep to hear the rending strife,  
When tyrant love to filial duty bends;  
When *Polly* sues to save a wretched wife;  
Whose fate upon her husbands life depends.

Go on, true child of nature, in thy course;  
With modest archness, coy *Rosetta* play;  
Like her, retiring win; whilst with the force  
Of thy resistless tones all own thy sway:  
Nor lose what lends thy voice its loveliest grace,  
Thy gentle action, thy mild varying face!

162.—"ANDROMACHE."

A tragedy with this title has lately been published by a person bearing the notorious name of THOMAS PAINE. I give an extract from the 4th Scene of the 4th Act which will shew that it is a very sad performance.

"*Astyanax*—And will they kill me, madam?  
*Andromache*—Kill thee!—They have sworn  
To part thy joints, thy pretty unfirm joints,  
With vengeful pulls; and gash thy heart; and tear  
These ruddy roses from thy lily breast,  
With bloody steels; and break thy Jove-like head  
With battle-axes; and thy sun-bright hair  
Mire with thy brain; thy brain, were such sense dwells,  
That to possess, Minerva's self would joy;  
And crush thy neck-bone, till the red blood flows  
Out of thy ears, thy beauteous little ears;

And these bright stars out of their sockets pluck  
 With rugged spears; thy eye-brows burn; and bind  
 Thy severed temples with a blazing wreath,  
 A wreath of fire made of burning Troy! Troy!  
 Thy own country, Troy!"—

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163.—GAY.

GAY received about £400 by the first "*Beggars Opera*" and £1100 by the second. He was a negligent and bad manager. The DUKE of QUEENSBERRY took his money into keeping for him, and gave him what was necessary, and he lived with him and had not therefore occasion for much. He died, worth upwards of £3000.

Spence.

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164.—THE ACTOR AND THE DAISIES.

A son of THESPIA, who had been some time upon the stage, was walking in the fields, early in the year, with a young man who had just entered the profession; suddenly the veteran ran out of the path, stopped instantly, and putting his foot forward on the grass, exclaimed with ecstasy: "Three, by heaven! that for managers." at the same time snapping his fingers. "Three," said his astonished companion, "what do you mean by three?" "What do I mean, you hungry hunter of turnips! you'll know before you have strutted in three barns more. In winter, managers are the most impudent fellows living, because they know we don't like to travel, don't like to leave our nests cold, and all that; but when I can put my foot upon three daisies, managers may be d—d."

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165.—A GO-GUN SHIP.

An actor in the country, having a part to study from manuscript, made the following mistake: He had to say, "A 90 gun ship, I suppose," but mistaking the figure of 9 for a g, and being unacquainted with nautical phrases,

he exclaimed : " A go-gun ship, I suppose," A sailor in the gallery roared out : " That's a pretty go ; what ship's that, my hearty?"

### 166.—JEWISH DRAMA'S.

A Jewish play of which fragments are still preserved in greek iambics is the first Drama known, to have been written on a Scripture subject. It is taken from Exodus, or the Departure of the Israelites from Egypt, under their leader and prophet MOSES. The principal characters are MOSES, SAPPHORA and GOD, from the bush, or GOD speaking from the burning bush. MOSES delivers this prologue in a speech of sixty lines, and his rod is turned into a serpent on the stage. The author of the play is EZEKIEL ; a Jew, who is called a tragic poet of the Jews. WARTON supposes that he wrote it after the destruction of Jerusalem as a poetical spectacle to animate his dispersed brethren with the hopes of a future deliverance from their captivity under the conduct of a new MOSES ; and that it was composed in imitation of a Greek drama at the close of the second century.

*Lambeth, 10th Febr. 1824.*

GLANVILLE.

### SONNET TO SHAKSPEARE.

Hail, bard immortal ! thou, whose varied lay  
Can bid the rapturous tide of pleasure flow,  
With love the soften'd soul now melt away,  
Or sink us in the deep abyss of woe :  
Now high thy bold imagination soars,  
And horror wild erects her bristled hair ;—  
Now through thy verse the flood of feeling pours,  
And virtue is the poets darling care.  
Hail Stratford ! honour'd most of British land !  
Hail Avon ! blest above all British floods,  
Who 'mid thy winding banks and hanging woods  
First saw with joy his infant mind expand.

Bore on thy trembling wave his strains along,  
And flow'd responsive to his magic song.

C. G. C—D.

March 12th, 1824.

MR. DRAMA.

*If you think the following lines, copied from the "Chester Chronicle," worthy a place in your interesting Magazine, they are at your service,*  
*Chester, Feb. 20th 1824,*

T. T.

EPITAPH,

To the memory of POOR SALLY LOWE, late Bill-sticker for the Theatre Royal, Chester.

"I cannot help it Trim" said my uncle Toby (as he still went on,) "the melancholy an accident—I must get it off my heart."

Ye buskin'd heroes of the Chester stage,  
Awhile suspend your counterfeited rage;  
Your acting cease, a moment be sincere,  
And on this grave bestow a real tear.  
'Tis SALLY LOWE, whose debt to nature paid,  
Reclines at length beneath this willow shade:  
'Tis she whose pasting, bill-dispensing hand,  
Gave fame and profit to the Thespian band;  
The tragic monarch, and bespangled queen,  
To her exertions have indebted been;  
And who is he, as benefits advanced,  
Whose benefit was not by her enhanced?  
For you, her aged, downward bending form,  
Endur'd the pelting of the winters storm.  
Her frozen face, so alter'd in its hue,  
It might have been denominated blue;  
With staff in hand, and pasting brush and can,  
Her daily pilgrimage poor SALLY ran,  
And as she paus'd to paste the bills on high  
She hop'd for heaven and heav'd a piteous sigh.  
The scene it chang'd—and let us freely trust,  
Her care-worn soul amideth with the just,  
Where spirits pure, by matter not oppress'd,  
No sorrows know, but have Eternal rest.

## HORE CRITICÆ.

No. IV.

LEE.

"On veut paraître fort et l'on exagère sans réfléchir que toute exagération est une marque de faiblesse; on veut être défil, on n'est qu'un farceur."

Vis de Le SAGE, p. 14.

Most writers of the old school, who have mentioned the dramatic authors of their age, speak of LEE in terms of peculiar approbation; and ADDISON goes so far as to say "no one was ever more successful in delineating the tender passions," yet in spite of these general encomiums it would not be easy to point out any scene in his numerous works distinguished for its pathos, or any passage remarkable for its poetry. The romantic circumstances of his life, his madness and unfortunate death, excited attention, and probably contributed to heighten his reputation. There are many well disposed to consider insanity, a symptom of genius, and by a process of the mind, very common among persons not accustomed to accurate reasoning, they first assume that all poets are in a certain degree mad, and secondly that all madmen are in a certain degree poets. Several of LEE's pieces are well adapted to stage representation; for they abound with incident and situation, and the language is such as requires little study from the actor, or attention from the audience. There is no superabundant meaning, which renders every word important; there is no working of passion which makes *bye play* necessary; but when one actor has finished his speech, he has nothing to do but to stand still, listen to his companion, and then begin again. It is perhaps on this account that *Alexander the Great* is so often selected by a young performer for his debut. The character requires little more than a good figure and voice, and a graceful action. JOHN KEMBLE, I am told (for I never saw him in it) made very little of it. KEAN makes nothing; yet many, who have been accounted good actors in "*Alexander*," have been completely damned in attempting the minor characters of SHAKESPEARE.

It is usual to praise LEE for his energy, a quality which, it must be allowed, he possessed in a very extraordinary degree. His lover's sigh, with energy, his priest's pray, with energy, and his hero's curse and swear, with a great deal of energy; but every effort to attain *poetical energy* terminates in bombast of a most peculiar description. The tragedy of *Œdipus* "which he wrote in concert with DRYDEN may be considered a tolerable specimen of both their styles. DRYDEN, as a dramatist, was not less extravagant than LEE, but his extravagance was of a very different species. Possessing perhaps a greater command of language than any English writer, he frequently became absurd by clothing the meanest ideas with the most exalted expressions. LEE, on the contrary, was often sufficiently lofty in his conceptions, and sometimes put two or three good phrases in a sentence, but some little word was sure to creep in and vulgarize the whole. Hence with care we may assign with tolerable probability, the most striking passages in the above play to their respective authors. When we hear, that after an earthquake, the world

" Seems but to want another general shock,  
To leap from off its hinges;"

and when *Œdipus* invokes *Jupiter* to put out the sun, and make the weather so gloomy, that there may n be left in earth or heaven,

" One glimpse, one starry spark,  
But God, meet God, and jostle in the dark;"

we feel as well satisfied that LEE wrote the lines, as if we had been admitted to a sight of the manuscript.

The death of ALEXANDER, was an event which called upon a poet for his utmost exertions. If any subject be fit for poetry, surely *Bucephalus* and the *Horses of the Sun* are; but we are only told that one is a "noble beast," and that the others

Are hot, their mangers full of coals.

Their manes are flakes of lightning, curls of fire,

" And their red tails like meteors whisk about."

The whole play is bad, it contains neither character nor language. *Alexander* talks abundantly of his own perfections, but does no more; *Clytus* is such an "unmannered dog," that we feel no regret at his death; and *Roxana* and *Statira* are the mere roaring termagants of every commonplace tragedy: they walk on and off the stage, talk big, and kill each other, *secundum artem*, but certainly not *secundum naturam*; and when the curtain falls, our only sensation is, that we are glad to get rid of them.

The tragedy of "*Theodosius*" appears to me the most endurable of LEE's works. The character of *Varanes* is not badly sketched, and the language in general is less bombastic than that of his other plays; yet there is still much more scolding than is necessary.

Death and despair; confusion! hell! and furies!

Says *Varanes* to a young lady, who mildly informs him, that she will rather marry the emperor of Constantinople, than become the mistress of the prince of Persia; language rather immoral and rude to use on such an occasion.

To be brief, LEE seems to be among dramatists, what the Rev. Mr. IRVING is among preachers, exceedingly well calculated to make an impression on such as can be satisfied with noise and nonsense, but not likely to please those who wish to enquire into the meaning of the words, or the propriety of their application.

CINGETORIX.

## No. V.

### THE REGULAR DRAMA.

"Of all sorts of cant, though the cant of hypocrisy may be the worst, the cant of criticism is the most annoying."

STERNE.

For more than a century the magazines and newspapers of this country have been infested by a species of small critics, who though unable to obtain much effective authority over the public taste, have, by frequently inculcating their opinions, acquired considerable influence with those good easy persons, who do not like the trouble of



judging for themselves. The favorite phrases of this school are the "regular drama," and "classic purity;" by the frequent mention of which they endeavour to shew, that nearly all modern tragedies are little better than five act melodramas. In one of SMOLLET's novels a loquacious general is silenced by a request to explain the nature of a *redoubt*, and acting upon that hint, I have occasionally routed a whole body of classical critics, who were clearly demonstrating, that such and such plays were not regular, by asking them what were so. On the production of "*Bertram*" the regulars opened a most violent fire upon it in every quarter. One said it was a melodrama, because some effective music was introduced; another that it was a bad imitation of the German school, because the passions were strangely excited, and one very respectable and clever writer went so far, on the performance of "*Manuel*," as to reprehend Mr. MATURIN for his propensity to make his characters, at the end of each act, fall into the positions which are technically termed *forming a picture*, and which in fact is nothing more than letting the curtain fall on some striking incident, and which, I confess, has always appeared to me one of the best modes of preserving the attention of the audience, till the performance is resumed.

I believe there is no one at this time (1) Lord BYRON excepted) who considers an observance of the unities a mark of civilization; but there are many, who on the appearance of a successful tragedy, hint to the author that he had better make an attempt at legitimate composition, and recommend a study of our elder writers, before he commits himself to the stage again. Now few people can be more

(1) The author has in one instance attempted to preserve, and in the other to approach the unities, conceiving, that with any very distant departure from them, there may be poetry, but can be no drama. He is aware of the unpopularity of this notion in present English literature; but it is not a system of his own, being merely an opinion, which not long ago was the law of literature, throughout the world, and is still so in the more civilized parts of it.

Preface to "*Sardanapalus and the Two Foscari*."

disposed than myself, to admire our old dramatic authors, but most certainly they have as little claim to admiration, on the score of regularity, as can well be imagined. I do not allude to MARLOW and SHAKESPEARE, because they wrote with no other guides than their own genius, but to their worthy followers, MASSINGER, FORD, SHIRLEY, &c. &c. There is scarcely a play of these writers, which has not what would now be called a melo-dramatic cast. Songs and music are profusely introduced, and single and double combats without number. Comedy and tragedy are unceremoniously jumbled together, and the bounds of probability are passed in a most unnecessary manner. Ghosts are too common to excite surprise, and blood is lavishly poured forth on the stage, crimes of all sorts are talked of and acted with the greatest composure. In one play (*"The Witch of Edmonton,"*) by FORD, DECKER and WEBSTER, the devil is brought before the audience, in the shape of a black dog, and the witch *suckles* him on the stage, and tells him,

"No lady loves her sparrow,  
Monkey, or paroquete, as I do thee."

Whether these authors complied with, or created the public taste, it would be difficult to decide, but certain it is, that the classical audiences, were at least as fond of slaughter as the frequenters of Astley's and the Coburg. This fact may be ascertained by looking over the stage directions in any old play-book. "Enter queen Margaret with Suffolk's head." (1) "Enter Iden with Cade's head." (2) "The ghosts of Jaffier and Pierre rise, bloody." (3) "Lavinia holds the bason while he cuts their throats." (4) These prescriptions were, no doubt, very exactly complied with, for they are to be found in copies not printed more than a hundred years ago, and expressly said to be taken from the prompter's books. Horrors abound in action and description. In an old play, *"The Tragedy of King Cambyses,"* I think, the executioner "strieth off his head and flayeth him with a false skin," no doubt, to

- (1) 2) "*Henry the 4th.*" part 2. (3) "*Kenice Preserved.*"  
(4) "*Titus Andronicus.*"

the great satisfaction of the spectators, who would delight in the treading out (1) *Gloster's* eyes, the cutting off *Titus's* hand, (2) and the happy thought of baking *Chiron* and *Deme-trius* in a pie, and inviting their mother to dine upon it. I do not quote these to detract from the merit of the authors; they have plenty of redeeming beauties; but what shall we say of those critics, who hold them up as standards for imitation, and say, that had not our taste become vicious, we should never have tolerated the licentiousness of "*Bertram*," or the irregularity of a ghost in the "*Castle Spectre*."

In fact, the unities and regularity have never received any encouragement in this country. With the exception of "*Cato*," which owed its success chiefly to political causes, every play which has been brought out, after the French manner, has virtually failed. Dr. JOHNSON's "*Irene*" and several others of the same class have got over the third night, and have been well received by the audience; but they have been always withdrawn, in consequence of a very decisive sort of criticism, conveyed to the managers by the treasurer, in the shape of an "account of money received at the doors;" and it seems now to be a pretty general opinion, that however delightful dramatic poems may be in the closet, there is little hope of their maintaining a place on the stage.

My limits will not allow me to enter further into the subject, but in some future paper, I shall say a few words upon the Classic Drama of Greece, and the attempts which have been made to naturalize it in England.

CINGETORIX.

## A CRITICAL ESSAY ON THE GENIUS OF SHAKSPEARE.

[Concluded from Supplement to vol. 5, page 401.]

From the closest view which we can take of the genius of SHAKSPEARE, it will invariably appear then, that all his

(1) "*King Lear*."

(2) "*Titus Andronicus*."

faults and deviations from propriety, originated not from the want of genius, but from its luxuriant redundancy. The writer who abounds in thought and sentiment, has infinitely more difficulty in reducing them to order than he who is limited to a few; but this difficulty is greatly increased when a writer has no models to copy after, and is obliged to pursue the impulse and tendency of his own genius. Vast conceptions are not so easily embodied in the texture of language as limited and contracted views, and therefore there is less danger of deviating from propriety in the execution on the one side than on the other. ANGLO would find it more difficult to do justice to his own designs than an inferior painter; or perhaps it may be said more properly, that the execution of the latter might exceed his expectation, while no felicity of execution would enable the former to reach that grandeur and terrific sublimity which he had sketched in his own mind. Hence, in a contest between two eminent painters while they were yet in their apprenticeship, their master justly awarded the prize to him who committed most faults, because he displayed, at the same time, a power of mind and a vastness of conception of which the other was incapable. SHAKESPEARE, then, has frequently deviated from propriety of manner: his faults are as numerous as his beauties; but to defend them is certainly not to defend SHAKESPEARE, but to defend error, and to bring the established rules of criticism into contempt. The pre-eminence of his genius is easily defended without defending its aberrations, while to prove him free from faults and blemishes, would be in fact to prove him altogether destitute of genius. Even now, when the rules and precepts of fine writing are so multiplied, as to render it impossible for any writer well acquainted with them to mistake his way, or the line which he should pursue in the conduct of his work. It is still impossible to avoid faults. He, then, who could avoid them before these rules and precepts were known, would prove himself to be a writer of such few thoughts and conceptions as required neither plan nor arrangement, and, consequently, neither guide nor director. He who would attribute genius to such a writer, would demonstrate that he possessed none of it himself.

It is certain, however, that a great portion of SHAKESPEARE'S faults must be ascribed to the necessity under which he was placed of accommodating himself to the temper and manners of the age in which he wrote, and not to his want "of greater skill," or more refined judgment. He often knew when he was transgressing against the laws of propriety, and the feelings of a more refined age than that in which he lived. There is no fault that brings more ridicule upon him, and which is more dwelt upon by those who deny his qualifications for dramatic excellence, than his play upon words. His admirers have been sadly distressed in labouring to justify him in this puerile amusement; but his justification can only be found in that affectation of wit which characterizes the manners of all ages emerging from barbarism. Nor is it, indeed, necessary to go back to ancient times to seek for proofs of this propensity in human nature, antecedent to civilization and refinement. We have only to look to the common herd of mankind in our own days, and to mingle in their societies, and we shall find the same flippancy of mind, and the same ambition of excelling in low humour, and verbal witticism. I can say from my own experience, and every man may make the trial, if his pride will permit him, that the lower orders of English are particularly devoted to this species of witticism; that the lower order of Irish are still more so; and that the lower order of the Scotch, if I can depend on the testimony of Scotsmen themselves, are by no means behind hand with the English and Irish. The philosopher can easily account in my opinion, for this propensity in human nature. The lower orders of mankind have but few ideas; and as the ambition of intellectual endowments and penetration is common to all men, they seek to turn the small stock they possess to the best advantage. As they are, therefore, confined to few ideas, they have more frequent opportunities of returning to these ideas than those who travel over a vast circumference of science, and consequently they can examine those ideas in which they are perpetually hacknied, in more different points of view. But as ideas are expressed in words, the more frequently they ponder on the ideas, the more frequently have they an opportunity of perceiving the different imports which the same word conveys, and conse-

quently the different modes which they possess of meaning one thing and expressing another. It is in this properly, a play upon words consists; and these are the reasons, if I mistake not, why a play upon words is so common among the vulgar. We are deceived, however, if we imagine, that SHAKSPEARE did not perceive its absurdity, though he had recourse to it merely to accommodate himself to the humour of the times; and those critics are equally deceived who labour to justify in SHAKSPEARE a fault which in him was by no means the effect of ignorance or want of better sense, and which he knew to be faulty at the very time that he affected to consider them beauties. Of this, if we have any doubt, the following passage from his own works will serve to convince us.

“O dear discretion, how his words are suited!

The fool hath planted in his memory

An army of good words: and I do know

A many fools, that stand in better place,

Garnish'd like him, that for a tricksy word

Defy the matter.”

I shall, therefore, conclude my observations on this immortal poet by observing, that all his faults originate from circumstances in no wise connected with the character of intellectual endowments; that those critics who enumerate his faults in order to depreciate his fame, can only serve to

“Amuse the unlearn'd and make the learned smile;”

and that those who defend his faults, through their over eagerness to secure the immortality of his fame and the pre-eminence of his genius ought to recollect, that

“Errors like straws upon the surface flow;

He who would seek for pearls must dive below.”

M. M. D.

## DRAMATIC BIOGRAPHER.

### No. VI.

### CARLO GOLDONI.

CARLO GOLDONI, the dramatist, was born at Venice in the year 1707. The appellation of *Moliere of Italy* was given

to him in his life-time, and has been continued since his death. He took MOLIERE for his guide and, like him, in the creation of the theatre of his own country was obliged to overcome the prevailing bad taste, which continually impeded his progress.

His youth was spent in prosperity and pleasure. His grandfather, descended from a noble family, was passionately fond of the stage, and had a theatre in his country-house, six leagues from Venice; in which he used to assemble the amateurs who come thither in crowds from every part of the country. The father of GOLDONI liked this very well; and, as he wished to perpetuate in his family a taste for the same pleasures, he constructed in his own house a stage for puppets, and managed them himself, for the diversion of the youthful CARLO. At the death of the grandfather, all members of the family were thrown into very great embarrassments, caused by his prodigality; and they were all obliged to change their style of life. GOLDONI's father, not being able to endure the lawsuits and contentions in which he was involved, left the charge of his affairs to his wife and went to Rome, where he took his degree in medicine and afterwards practised at Perugia.—CARLO, his son, though now seriously occupied with his studies found leisure to read dramatic compositions: and at the early age of eight he tried to compose a comedy of the romantic kind, which FLORENTINO CICOGNINI had made fashionable. This sketch, though very rude, drew the attention of his father, who gave a new direction to the studies of his son; and to render his holidays more agreeable erected in his house a theatre, on which CARLO and his young companions amused themselves with acting comedies. As women are prohibited from appearing on the stage in the dominions of the Pope, CARLO, then thirteen years old, distinguished himself very much in the character of a woman in *La Scryllina di san Pilone*, one of GIOLI's comedies. Having finished a course of study in humanity and philosophy at Rimini, and excited by his strong inclination for the stage, he ran away from school, and joined a company of actors who were going to Venice. The troop arriving at Chiozza, determined to stay there a few days, and CARLO, who had learned that his mother was in the



town, made that circumstance his pretext for undertaking the journey. He was believed by his mother; but his father, who had immediately pursued him, was not to be duped by such a stratagem. However, CARLO was reconciled to him on promising to pursue the study of medicine; and concord being restored both father and son continued to frequent the theatre. Through the interest of the Marquis GOLDONI, his relation, CARLO was appointed to a lucrative situation in the college of the Pope, at Pavia, and consequently took upon him the ecclesiastical habit, and underwent the tonsure. This college was almost entirely composed of dissipated young men; and CARLO, following their example, instead of applying himself to theology, gave all his attention to music, dancing, fencing, drawing, and gaming. His vacations were spent among his family, and entirely occupied with the business of the stage. At his return to college, he engaged in more serious pursuits; and in the following vacation he made, at his mother's request, a sermon for a young Abbé of her acquaintance, which gained him great reputation. As he was the acknowledged author of it, he was received by the college, at his return, in the most flattering manner; from which a short time after he was dismissed, and was obliged to quit the city, on account of a satirical poem he had written at the instigation of some persons who were mean enough to betray the author. Ashamed to appear before his family, he thought of going to Rome, but was prevented by want of money. He was assisted, however, by a monk who after having exhorted him to repentance, and given him confession, took from him what money he had, for the purpose of charitable donations, and, with the true spirit of Christianity, reconciled him to his relations. CARLO now followed his father to Udina, where he studied law with great application, and through the interest of his father obtained a situation in the criminal court of Chiozza, and soon became titular coadjutor at Feltre, where he was remarkable for his attention to business. This regularity of conduct did not prevent him from enjoying the amusements of the stage. Some amateurs assembled and obtained permission to use the neglected theatre of the governor; and under the direction of young GOLDONI they performed without

music, the *Dido* and the *Siroes* of METASTASIO; he also composed himself two pieces, *The Good Father*, and the *Singer*, which gained him equal reputation as an author and a comedian. His father having been appointed physician to the Embassy to Ravenna, CARLO accompanied him thither, and soon after having the misfortune to lose him returned to Padua, where he passed his examinations and received his licence; thence he went to Venice, where after some months attendance on the courts, in 1732, he entered upon the profession of the law, and whilst waiting for an opportunity of distinguishing himself at the bar, he composed an almanack in prose and verse, under the title of "Future Events predicted from past experience," which was very well received by the public: and he finished an opera called *Analcampa*, but disgusted with the disdainful airs and affectation of the comedians to whom he read it, though it was well adapted to the stage, he threw it into the fire. A suit in which he was successful against the first advocate in Venice spread his fame through that city: but he was soon obliged to leave it, in consequence of an intrigue with a lady, whom the low state of his fortune prevented him from marrying.

(To be resumed.)

## DRAMATIC REVIEW.

### DIURAZZO,

*A Tragedy* by J. HAYNEA, Author of "*Conscience or the Bridal Night*."

There is nothing more common, than for critics to lament the degraded state of the Modern Drama, but, whether the cause of their regret is only an imaginary one, or really exists, is very questionable. They are continually comparing the plays of our living dramatists to those of former times, whose works, however beautiful, are certainly neither correct, nor proper models, for dramatic compositions. That they present us with many powerful and

delightful traits of character, are full of excellent poetry, and are generally written in the most vigorous and energetic language, is undeniable, but, they are too frequently unnatural and extravagant, and full of faults and incon-  
 stancies which would not now be endured by a polite audience. If a modern poet would imitate those mighty geni-  
 uses who were cotemporary with SHAKESPEARE, or im-  
 mediately followed him, he must despair of ever producing  
 a play which would be successful on the stage. To gain  
 as great a reputation, as those authors enjoy, he must com-  
 pose one, which must not only equal them in their merits,  
 but be free from the faults, with which they are disfigured.  
 We are too apt to excuse the blemishes of old writers, and  
 overlook the beauties of our own. However we do not write  
 for the purpose of degrading the works of the olden  
 worthies, but in defence of those master spirits who adorn  
 the present age, and we do think that the incessant and  
 idle clamour which is kept up against the latter, might  
 in justice to their merits very judiciously be dropped.  
 Within these last two or three years there have been as fine  
 tragedies published, in our opinion, as in any era of dramatic  
 literature since the time of SHAKESPEARE, and which may  
 fearlessly challenge competition with those of SOUTH-  
 WICK, ROWE, JOHNSON, CUMBERLAND, or HOME. With  
 a few exceptions, what comparison will the dramas of the  
 writers we have mentioned bear with JOANNA BAILLIE'S  
 admirable plays on the *Passions*, *Fazio*, *Cataline*, *Virginius*,  
*Mirandolo*, *Bertram*, the *Bride's Tragedy* or the *Cenci*?

The scene of the tragedy under notice, is laid at Grenada,  
 at a time when that petty kingdom was in danger of being  
 conquered by a powerful invasion of the Moors. Their  
 attempt to become masters of that part of Spain, is strength-  
 ened by the defection of Garcia, one of the Spanish nobles,  
 who endeavours to raise himself to the throne by the ruin  
 of his country. His treachery is successful, and Alonso the  
 Spanish general is defeated and left senseless on the field  
 of battle. By the assistance of Durasso who fixes on  
 Garcia, as a fit associate in his designs, Alonso's ruin is  
 completed. He is accused of having conspired with the  
 enemy, recalled from the camp and summoned before the  
 council. The appearances of guilt are so strong against

him that notwithstanding the generous and noble defence which *Benducar*, to whose daughter *Zelinda* he is betrothed, makes to save him, he is found guilty of treason and sentenced to banishment. *Durazzo* is rewarded for his services, which he is supposed to have rendered the state, with titles and riches; but although his pride and ambition are satisfied, his desire of revenging the insults, which he has received from *Benducar*, against whom he has conceived the most deadly hatred, remains still undiminished. The chief interest of the play arises from *Durazzo's* having saved *Zelinda's* life and gained her affections. The struggle in his bosom between his thirst for vengeance against the father, and his strong and passionate regard for the daughter is extremely well portrayed. Instead of trying to heal the wounds which he has inflicted, *Benducar* heaps further insults on *Durazzo*, and falls beneath his arm in combat, in which he engages with him. The conspiracy is discovered, by which *Alonso* lost his command and he is restored to it. *Garcia* expiates his crimes along with one of his guilty companions, by an ignominious death. An engagement takes place between the Moors and Spaniards, where *Durazzo* distinguishes himself by his extraordinary feats of bravery and is desperately wounded. He is carried however from the field of battle to the convent where *Zelinda* has fled and becomes distracted, and after receiving her forgiveness, stabs himself, and expires at her feet.

We shall make but few extracts from this beautiful tragedy, but we are certain, those which we shall present our readers, will convince them, that the author possesses a powerful and imaginative mind. The character of *Durazzo* is thus described.

He vaunts to be a Spaniard born; yet some  
Few years ago from foreign lands he came,  
A stranger to our state, with ample means,  
But no respectful mention. To the poor  
He has been ever liberal; and hence  
They watch his looks for leave to think; and act  
As if their minds were vassal to his bounty.

But note beside;

He in his turn, is ready at the door  
Of greater men, to do small offices,  
And grow into their notice

*Benducar* expresses his contempt for the opinion of the populace

The public voice !

There's not an arrant rogue in Spain but calls  
The wretched raving of his paltry gang  
"The public voice" nay, those who dare not speak  
Above their breath, for fear of punishment,  
Will whisper forth that voice, if you believe  
Their timid accents :—but it is not thus  
Great passions cry ; nor thus the boiling surge  
Doth notify to the affrighted shore  
When anger heaves the ocean.

*Alonso's* description of the conflict in which he was overcome, and the brave, but, unavailing endeavours of himself and some matchless spirits to maintain the fight although deserted by his army, is extremely fine.

With hearts thus cased, not in protecting steel,  
But in the spirit of offence, which, like  
A fiery rampart, or the zone that girds  
A stormy moon, circles the brave, and makes  
Danger his shield from danger ; long we fought,  
"Till what was mortal in us sunk beneath  
What is immortal.—Then my comrades fell  
For very weariness ; but on his face  
Did each man fall, and in his frown expire,  
And, sword in hand, cut forward to the grave.

(*Popular Fickleness.*)

*BENDUCAR.* 'Tis sign the state lacks vigour and control,  
When, in the common streets, the common crowd  
Usurp from our tribunals, and impeach,  
Convict, or justify, as winds may blow,  
Their arbitration. I have seen the time  
You'd rather eat your caps, than throw them up  
To hail an outcry, which might harm *Alonso*  
In fame or fortune : now, the air's too close  
And heavy for the swing your hate would give,  
To welcome down his ruin. Shame upon you !  
Is this your virtue—this your resolution.—

To have no period, no division, 'twixt  
Your censure and your praise ? No, not so much  
As tempests, taking breath ! But shame disowns you.

(*Posterity.*)

BENDUCAR. \* \* \* \* \* They, too,  
Will have their petty likings, and dislikes,  
Envies, and jealousies, and treacherous arts,  
'Touching the men they live with ; but to us  
They'll turn a purer eye, and passionless—  
As passionless as the embrace of death—  
Sit in the eye justiciary of time  
To weigh the memories of men departed.

(*Ambitious Pride.*)

DURAZZO. In court to plead, before the king, against  
The greatest man o' the state ! Hail thou first dawn  
Of long-benighted fortune, and shine forth  
Without a cloud on thy meridian smile.  
Now artifice be true to me. The task  
I undertake is hazardous and foul,  
But full of mighty purpose. Is it not  
The way of greatness to select the means,  
Not for their virtue, but their cogent use  
In working changes ! Kings ere now have waded  
Through brothers' blood to empire. children have  
Trod on the neck of parents in their march  
To bright ambition, 'Tis not so with me :  
I push but foes aside : make good my passage  
Through crowds of scornful and injurious men,  
No shock to nature or affection giving  
In the condition of my enterprise.  
Too long have I been humble. Now to prove  
The inborn spark ascendant o'er the mass  
Of vile obstruction : now to stand alone  
Upon the stage, and lift my fortunes up  
Like mountains, when in heaven's high armoury,  
They gird their loins with thunder and usurp.  
The attribute of Gods !—To Court—to Court !  
These weeds shall soon be doff'd for golden silks ;  
While the proud stature and the lofty mien,  
Instruct the world that I was born for greatness.

It is in such fine passages as these that *Durazzo* abounds ;

its faults are so few and trivial as scarcely to be deserving of our censure. There are few writers of the present day whose works have more deserved the attention of the public than Mr. HAYNES's or have so little engaged it. Some of our best critics certainly have bestowed their praises on them, and pointed out their striking beauties, but many of them have passed them over in silence, because the author of them has not been fortunate enough to enjoy their acquaintance, or has differed with them in his politics. We, who are entirely unbiassed in our opinions by party spirit, and never suffer the poison of politics to mix with the wholesome medicine which it is our duty, as critics, to administer, have taken up our pen with the intention of doing impartial justice to the talents of this gentleman, which have been too long neglected. Although he may not yet have obtained much celebrity by his writings, it is our opinion that he will be admired hereafter when many of our more popular poets are forgotten. Unlike them, he does not endeavour to distinguish himself from his contemporaries by striking into a new or unusual path of composition, or to gain a reputation by forming a school of poetry exclusively his own. He pursues the track which has been beaten by our more correct and sober writers, which neither presents us with any thing peculiarly wild or uncommon, nor perplexes and exhausts the minds of his readers by bewildering them in mazes, from which, when he is tired of his work, he leaves them to extricate themselves. He does not consider those fields of poetry as unproductive which have yielded flowers to former occupants, but exercises his imagination in them instead of suffering it to roam amongst the gloomy horrors of nature; and, consequently, although he makes us admire him as a poet, he leaves no impression on our minds that he is a poetical misanthrope or an inspired madman. His language is nervous and classical, his ideas are sublime and frequently original, and if his characters are not very new or striking, they do not fill us with horror and disgust by their blasphemies and crimes. We shall finish our remarks by advising Mr. HAYNES to cultivate diligently those talents which he is so highly gifted with, and we have no doubt that posterity will allow him to be a greater poet than we already consider him.

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 THEATRICAL INQUISITION.
 

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"The Drama is the most refined pleasure of a polished people; it almost wholly forms their manners, and has no inconsiderable share in their morals. From the happy fiction of the scene, and the consequent seeming reality, the action is, as it were, example; and precept is thus enforced by its verification in practical life. In the delusion of the scene the shadow becomes the substance. The THEATRE is the *Stage* of life—and the DRAMA a real action."

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 NEW DRURY LANE THEATRE.
 

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*Journal of Performances, with Remarks.*

March 8.—Merry Wives of Windsor—*Tekeli* [Revived]  
During the Lent season very little novelty is to be expected at the Theatres, jovial mirth and instructive grief, the laughter of comedy,—the fun of farce, and the stately sorrow of tragedy are relegated for 2 nights of the week from the Theatres to make way for incongruous mixtures of all sorts of music—scientific lectures on astronomy—Hydraulic and philosophical lectures—feats of legerdemain and oratorical and critical lectures. The managers seldom think it worth their while to expend much in novelties at this period—our remarks therefore on the performances will lie in a narrow compass.

The melo-drama of *Tekeli*, has been one of the greatest favourites of the class to which it belongs, that has ever been produced on the stage. When it was originally acted (in 1807) it had an uninterrupted run of near 50 Nights, and has been since very often brought forward to the great gratification of all lovers of these kind of entertainments. It is an adaption from the French stage by THEODORE HOOK and the interest arises from "the hair breadth 'scapes" of a noble Warrior who endeavours to rescue his country from the cruel gripe of its oppressors. It has been got up with great liberality—the scenery and dresses



being of the most splendid description; and the acting of WALLACK, HARLEY, &c. joined to the grand display of cavalry, promise to give it as long a run and as much fame as it primevally enjoyed.

9.—Ibid—Ibid.

10.—Selection of Music.

11.—Hamlet—Tekeli.

12.—No performance.

13.—Merry Wives of Windsor—Tekeli.

15.—Merchant of Venice—Ibid.

16.—Merry Wives of Windsor—Ibid.

17.—Selection of Music.

18.—Macbeth—SPANISH GALLANTS, [1st time]—Deaf as a Post.

A very charming *Ballet* under this title got up under the direction of OSCAR BYRNE and NOBLE, was this evening produced. The story is a simple one. *Fabricio*, and *Vincentio*, [OSCAR BYRNE and NOBLE] 2 Spanish gentlemen are in love, the one with *Constantia* [Mrs. BYRNE], the other with *Laura* [Mrs. NOBLE]. *Seignior Don Pompeo*, [BLANCHARD] an old doting lover, is discovered by these gallants as he is serenading at *Constantia's* window; they interrupt his holy worship at the shrine of beauty, and by way of scheme insist upon his giving the same love inspiring strain beneath the window of *Laura*. He afterwards writes to the father of *Constantia*, proposing marriage; the *billet-doux* is handed to the lady, who soon has an opportunity of giving it to *Fabricio*, upon which they concert with *Vincentio* and *Laura* to play a second trick upon the old *Don*: they copy the letter and address it to *André Perez* [HOWELL] the father of *Laura*, and thus involve the old gentleman in a curious dilemma, and the fathers too. The latter prepare accordingly for the marriages; and some very beautiful dancing occurs here. The result may be easily guessed; an explanation ensues, and the fathers as in duty bound, yield to the impulse of the young lovers. The piece had some very fine passages in it, breathing a sentiment purely affectionate; and the music was pleasing and well calculated to sustain the interest of the piece, which we must say was delightfully performed. The house was crowded to excess, and the audience recei-

ved the *ballet* with every demonstration of pleasure, and it will doubtless have a longer reign than pieces of this description usually enjoy.

19.—No performance.

20.—Merry Wives of Windsor.—Ibid.—Killing no Murder.

22.—Richard 3rd—Tekeli.

23.—Merry Wives of Windsor—Spanish Gallants—Love Law and Physic.

24.—Selection of Music.

25.—Macbeth—Tekeli.

26.—No Performance.

27.—Merry Wives—Deaf as a Post—Spanish Gallants.

29.—Pizarro—Giovanni in London.

### COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

#### *Journal of Performances, with Remarks.*

March 8.—Hamlet—Midas.

It was in the burletta of *Midas*, that Mr. SINCLAIR had obtained his most decisive success, and it is in it that the improvement of his Italian studies might be expected to be most obviously discernable. The best part of the music is from the reformer of the French School, GRETRY, who composed it expressly as a satire upon the music of his country, and with a view to introduce that of Italy. Mr. SINCLAIR sang the beautiful airs, assigned to *Apollo*, in a style decidedly improved—with more of Italian method—perhaps a little too much of ornament, but with so much ease and purity, and even simplicity, that it could scarcely be murmured at. This applies to the well known “*Pray Goody*” which he sung 3 times with enthusiastic applause.

9.—Native Land—Miller and his Men.

10.—No Performance.

11.—PRIDE SHALL HAVE A FALL [1st time]—Poachers.

This new Comedy is from the pen of the Revd. GEORGE CROLY; and if its excellence were equal to the success it has met with, it would be excellent indeed! But in our

opinion the comedy has not yet had a fair trial—it has not yet been tried by the standard of its merits, of which we cannot speak in the most favourable terms. In fact the immense number of free admissions which have been distributed, in a manner we think before unheard of, for the whole town has been inundated with them, have drawn audiences together, whose judgment as to its merits or demerits can be very little relied on. For our own part, we think if the play drags out an existence for the remainder of the season, it is more than the author has a right to expect; but after this season, it is highly improbable that it will ever again be heard or thought of. It presents but few pretensions to be classed with the comedies of *SHERIDAN* or *CONGREVE*, with which it aspires to rank; nor does it contribute any thing to enhance, or even sustain the credit for dramatic ability, which the tragedy of "*Catiline*" and other literary performances of Mr. *CROLY* have acquired for him. Some of our contemporaries say, that it is the best comedy that has been produced upon the stage for several years. This is equivalent to the compliment of telling the author, that he is a "wit amongst the dunces;" for what comedy of merit has been for several years produced at either Theatre? The plot is of the most improbable, not to say ridiculous description—we scarcely know, whether we can at all convey it to the comprehension of our readers:

The scene is laid in Palermo. *Victoria* [Miss *PARON*] is the daughter of a Sicilian Merchant, and has been betrothed to *Lorenzo* an officer of Hussars [COOPER]. During his absence on an expedition to Morocco, the merchant has been bequeathed a large estate, and has become *Count Ventoso*. The family, in consequence of this good luck, decide on rejecting *Lorenzo* as an inferior match. He returns, is indignant; and acquainting his brother officers with the insult which has been offered to him, determines on degrading the *Ventoso* Family by a marriage with a man of the lowest order, personating a man of rank. This personage is looked for in the public jail! one *Torrento* [JONES] who has been confined for assassination, and he is introduced to the old *Count* as a foreign prince, for which he is well paid, and moreover promised 500 Crowns if he succeeds in the

disguise, and marries *Victoria*. The family are captivated, and the match is to take place immediately. But *Lorenzo* suddenly regrets his vengeance, interferes, and exposes the impostor. The *pride* of the family, *has a fall*. Finally *Lorenzo* is ascertained to be of high birth, being the son of the Viceroy of Sicily—*Torrento* turns out to be the son of a rich banker, and the play concludes with the double union of these 2 hopeful lovers with the no less hopeful daughters of *Ventoso*, *Victoria* and *Leonora*, [Miss LOVE] and the *Count* and *Countess* are consequently secured in their title and fortune, altho' it seems that fortune is not legally theirs, it being properly the right of *Torrento*!!

Such is the outline of this play, which was represented before a crowded house, and received with "a cataract of applause and approbation such as was never heard in this, or any other theatre"—as the Drury Lane bills would have expressed it: and the daily oracles of Covent Garden, were not far behind the next morning. In our minds the play did not excite sentiments of admiration corresponding to the *expression* (*feeling* we will not say), of the house. It wants a decisive character—and altho' it abounds in appropriate sentiments occasionally expressed in very vigorous and poetical language—altho' some very pretty episodical conversations are interspersed, and a tolerable supply of well-applied, tho' not very original, witticisms is to be found in various parts; yet no where is there to be found that "flow of soul"—that facility to "snatch a grace beyond the rules of art"—or that refined, natural and exuberant wit, which distinguishes the comic productions of the "matchless SHERIDAN, with whose inspirations this play is somewhat presumptuously compared in the Epilogue. The operatic part of the play we think by far the best: it contains some very poetical and beautiful airs which Miss PATON and Miss LOVE gave delightfully.

The character of *Torrento* is the only prominent one in the piece; and it was bustled through by Mr. JONES with that vivacity and self-satisfaction that well concealed the improbabilities with which the author has connected it. COOPER is always correct, and impressive; he had but little else to do than walk the stage, which we were sorry for, as his talents are well deserving of a more elevated station.

CONNOR, ABBOTT, and YATES, (as *Hussars*) had 3 parts assigned them of the nature of the three celebrated characters in "*Life in London*," of which, they were second editions unimproved. We subjoin the Epilogue—on the Prologue we shall not waste space. Mr. YATES spoke the former and gave some very correct and forcible imitations of some of the most celebrated London performers: That of KEAN in *Richard*; MACREADY in *Virginius*; YOUNG in *Hamlet*; and RAYNER in *Giles*; were peculiarly accurate.

### EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. YATES, as the *Cornet*.

(He hurries in.)

Ladies and Gentlemen!—quite out of breath—  
Ten thousand pardons!—teas'd, star'd, talked to death—  
Found it scarce possible to get away,—  
Those Green-room persons,—monstrous deal to say—  
Queens, heroes, ghosts, priests, ploughmen—in full  
swing—

I'll give you some—few—touches of the thing.

*Imitations.*

*Young.* A Comedy! A new-born miracle!

Comes it with airs from heaven or blasts from hell?

Is it a spirit of health, or goblin damned?

*Fawcett.* Foh, fudge and nonsense!—are the boxes cramm'd?

*Harley.* The pit has had a fainting-match and fight;

Of course, you'll have it acted every night.

*Fawcett.* Boy! print to-morrow's bills,—“No standing room;”

And “Not an order for a year to come.”

*Mrs. Davison.* (*Mrs. Malaprop.*)

Has it no scandal in 't?—no Lord's jobation?

No Lady-bird?—no crim-concatenation?

*Farren.* (*Sir Fretful*)

See Act the Fifth: that “elevates,—surprises.”

*Braham.* “I think it falls.”

*Farren.*

“You mean, Sir, “rises, rises.”

*Braham.* 'Tis passable. His next, perhaps, will mend.

*Farren.* 'Tis passable! (a d—d good-natur'd friend).

*Matthews.* No scalplings in't,—no squaws! my friends the Yankees.

For ten such plays, I *guess*, would'nt give ten thanks.

*Cooper.* Sir, that's a plain affront! I like the play;  
Such nights as these, Sir, arn't seen every *day*.

*Terry.* Such nights!—I tell you that those things won't *tell*;  
Why didn't he dramatize St. Ronan's Well?

Write wholesale from *my* friend, Sir Walter's page?

*Munden.* The *Well*! Aye—"Real water on the stage!"

Why, Drury! Zounds—He'd drown your *Cataract*."

*Elliston.* He drown my—I'll but state one stubborn fact,

Ladies and Gentlemen!—These fifty years—

Lend me your ears (such of you as have ears)—

That piece *shall* run!—I always speak my mind—

The *WATER* is the way to *raise the wind*!

And since I've *wet*, I'll *dry* the British Nation;

My Benefit-night's—the GENERAL CONFLAGRATION!

*Farley.* D'ye think the author has a knack for rhyme?

I'll make him *Laureate* of the Pantomime.

*Macready.* (*Virginius*)

His cast is good!—The man need have no fear,

Were but "my daughter, my *Virginia*," there.

*Rayner.* I *love* *Victoria*! She's my heart—my *loife*,

*Tuch* her who dare.—She'd make a pratty *wioife*!

*Incedon.* (*Macheath*)

"May my mare slip her shoulder, but *I'll* take

The *yung'un*."

*Braham.* Gentlemen! for SHAKSPEARE's sake.

Leave us our *Nightingales*!—We want them all—

*Falstaff* himself without them *now* must fall.

*Kean.* SHAKSPEARE to music! Every inch a King!!

"*Richard* is *hoarse*." I'll choak before *I'll* sing.

At length, escaped,—myself again,—alone—

I supplicate at Beauty's native throne.

By the high splendours of our ancient day;

By those we've seen, and wept to see—decay;

By our—by *Mankind's* SHERIDAN! whose tomb

Is scarcely closed!—

But no—no thoughts of gloom;

Again comes COMEDY! So long untried:

Give her your smiles!—

The victory's on our side.

Your smiles have won the day!—Thanks each and all:

Now, now indeed—"Our pride shall have no fall."

12.—Selection of Music.

13.—Pride shall have a fall—Midas.

15.—Ibid.—Harlequin and Poor Robin.

16.—Native Land—Miller's Maid.

17.—No performance.

18.—Pride shall have a Fall—Midas.

19.—Selection of Music.

20.—Pride shall have a Fall—Clari.

22.—Ibid.—Harlequin and Poor Robin.

23.—Ibid.—Midas.

24.—No performance.

25.—Cabinet—Simpson and Co.

26.—Selection of Music.

27.—Pride shall have a Fall—Clari.

29.—Ibid.—Harlequin and Poor Robin.

### HAYMARKET THEATRE.

The name of SHAKSPEARE operates like a talisman upon the mind, and calls up a host of the most blissful and intellectual associations. From him, the brightest faculties may derive a perpetual succession of new and expansive ideas, inasmuch, as his works afford a true transcript of the infinitely diversified characteristics of nature, which, the more they are studied, the more various, deep, and illimitably original they prove to be. It was therefore with no small impatience that we looked forward to the oratorical and critical lectures of Mr. THELWALL ON SHAKSPEARE and the Drama; the first of which was given by that gentleman on Wednesday March 10th. This gentleman, in addition to his political pursuits, has long been known as a teacher of elocution. Whatever his own oratorical merits may be, we know, that in the more mechanical part of his profession he has been extremely successful, and some instances have come to our knowledge of his singular triumph over the

most inveterate deficiencies and impediments of speech in his pupils; our feeling, therefore, was considerably in favour of this gentleman's pacific and intellectual avocations, and we attended his lecture of last night, with a hope, which has not been disappointed. The subjects of the lecture were made up of recitations, criticisms, and poetical addresses. The first piece was "a melo-mono-dramatic prologue" (Mr. T. will pardon us for not understanding his titles,) which touched upon the various qualities of SHAKESPEARE'S genius; his own feelings with regard to its delineation, and his notions about his capacity for representing the different personages of the poet's invention. The following passages from the prologue are smart enough:—

"O! *Æsop's Frog!*" *Sir Quiz*, the Critic, cries,  
And scans me o'er with his dissecting eyes,  
"Is this the Stage Colossus that alone  
"Would fill the Scene and make its Worlds his own:—  
"With ambi-dexter impotence would strain  
"At once at SHAKESPEARE'S tragic rage, and SHAKESPEARE'S  
comic vein?  
"A wrinkled *Romeo* love's young wound deplore,  
"And frisk—the gay *Mercutio* of threescore?  
"Can these spare limbs sustain the helmed port,  
"That did affright the air at Agincourt?  
"Huge *Ajax*' might by five foot-six be grac'd?  
"And *Falstaff*'s jokes—with *Master Slender*'s waist?"

But soft, *Sir Critic*; take us at our beat:  
Our aim is but to sketch—not represent.  
We ask no dagger, jingling cap, or bow,  
To aid the tearful, or assist the droll;  
No masking shreds of tragical array;  
But leave the sentiment to work its way;  
Suggest the passion on the part impress'd,  
And to Imagination leave the rest.

Then *Caliban*, with bestial grin, shall roar,  
"A south wind blow and blister you all o'er;"  
And sweet *Miranda*'s tearful blush impart  
The "cry that knock'd against her very heart."

Stern *Shylock*, while he claims the flesh his due,  
Shall seem as bearded as the veriest Jew:



And when he calls "a judgment! come, prepare!"  
Shall whet his knife, and poise his scales in air.

*Touchstone* shall need, nor bells, nor motley vest,  
If the voice quibble with becoming zest.  
And when *Othello*, in his frantic mood,  
Breathes from hoarse lungs, "Blood! blood! *Iago*, blood!"  
For "cords and knives," in savage fury screams,  
"Poison, or fire, or suffocating streams,"  
Or claims "the handkerchief" with tyrannous yell—  
He'll seem "begrim'd and black" as sootiest hell.  
The rest is yours: to let the feeling sway,  
Give fancy rein, and what she prompts obey.  
And I (as still the changeful text requires,  
Descends familiar, or sublime aspires,)  
Am demon, seraph, motley, monarch—what,  
If your indulgence aid me, am I not?

Then followed an extemporaneous (or "spontaneous," as Mr. T. calls it) criticism on the imaginative faculty of SHAKSPEARE, which, if it contained nothing very original in the thoughts, was at least very ingenious and novel in its combinations, and was happily diversified and illustrated by frequent references to other writers, both living and dead. The recitations which ensued, were selected with a view to bear out the lecturer's opinions, and were at once judicious in the choice, and beautiful in themselves. The rest of the evening's performance consisted of disquisitions on *The Tempest*, and on the genius of DRYDEN, with miscellaneous recitations. Mr. THELWALL's manner is extremely emphatic and vigorous: his perception of the author's feeling struck us, as uncommonly accurate, and his admiration for SHAKSPEARE was perfectly English and enthusiastic.

The subject selected for the fourth evening's lecture March 19th. was SHAKSPEARE's and GARRICK's "*Richard the Third*," contrasted with that of modern dramatists and actors." In describing the several characters, which the mighty pen of the poet has delineated, in the plays of *Henry the Sixth* and *Richard*, the lecturer particularly remarked upon the great difference between those characters as they are represented on the stage, and as they were really and truly drawn by SHAKSPEARE. The garbled *melange* of the green-

room library, and the energy and truth of the original, were well contrasted and forcibly insisted on ; and most justly instanced as a flagrant violation of the text of SHAKSPEARE, and an abuse and deterioration not only of that great genius, but of the taste and literature of the age. To correct this injurious and perverted system, is one benefit which must result from the labours of the lecturer. The idea which the generality of us have of the personages of SHAKSPEARE, is mostly derived from the portraiture, not of the author, but of the actor. This is evidently a source from whence many errors must originate, when it is considered how arduous a thing it is to sustain, with full fidelity, any one of SHAKSPEARE's characters, and what a combination of taste, deep penetration, justness of conception, and energy of action and voice, are required to do so in any efficient and masterly manner. The enthusiastic admirer of the great dramatist would above all things be most anxious to impede and altogether prevent this fatal and prejudicial mode of estimating the merits and demerits of his master ; and this is a further object aimed to be effected by the lecturer. Mr. THELWALL declares that *Richard the Third*, as represented by Mr. KEAN, is a morose, cold-blooded, murderous, unintellectual villain, warped in his very soul by the lowest and most vulgar passions, capable neither of sympathy nor one light exhilarating feeling, but absorbed in a dark and gloomy misanthropy, which vents itself through the medium of the direst propensities. Mr. THELWALL's idea of the character is quite the reverse. He maintains that *Richard* was, and is, historically and poetically, of a comic turn—that his pride, and consciousness of superior mental power over every one around him, and capacity of making them subservient to his purposes, burst forth in frequent ebullitions of exulting and triumphant chucklings at the weak and powerless resistances opposed to his uncurbed and ambitious will. His was the very perfection of self-love. He harmed no one wantonly, or from a spiteful or selfish motive. All his deeds, bloody as they were, sprung not from hatred, but an overweening and excessive egotism, and a grasping and insatiable ambition, which, to aggrandize itself, would annihilate the whole human race. Such was the character, he contended, of *Richard*, and such was he represented to be by GARRICK.

Mr. THUELWALL, in the course of his lecture, gave among other quotations in support of his opinions, *Richard's* soliloquy in the third act—

“Aye, Edward will use women honourably ;” and the manner in which he delivered it was a most excellent comment upon the positions he had been previously endeavouring to support. For an ambitious restlessness, an intellectual overtowering urging on, and a mingling spirit of buoyant confidence, the result of a conscious superiority, which throws a degree of comic feeling over the character ; all these striking attributes of *Richard* are most conspicuously displayed in this fine soliloquy. We will conclude our notice by expressing the great pleasure we derived from the action and delivery of the lecturer, combined as these were with opinions which we sincerely believe must tend to sustain the high reputation which the taste and literature of our country have so long enjoyed.

### DIBDIN'S MONUMENT.

The intense interest which this undertaking has created in the musical world, is almost beyond precedent ; there are but few members of the profession who have not already offered their services in any way in which they may be useful, and the funds are receiving considerable acquisitions from their liberal subscriptions. Most of the respectable music sellers have undertaken to receive donations. Hundreds who were disappointed in obtaining tickets for the Festival, are anxiously looking forward for a second, which it is understood must take place, but which it is properly determined shall, for the present, give place to the Drury-Lane Theatrical Dinner. Report speaks of a benefit at Covent Garden, at which the Opera and Farce will be DIBDIN's, and many of his best songs will be introduced ; and if the public feeling is to be at all consulted, such a step is highly necessary. We see no reason for confining the true enjoyment of his music to those classes who can pay a guinea or two for a dinner ; nor is there any absolute necessity to shut out the Ladies from such an intellectual treat. Such a step would not only be popular, but it would

be productive also, and make the monument the work of a greater number ; besides, there is something so truly in character in raising a monument from the actual productions of the man's own inimitable talent. The subscriptions are highly flattering, and it is said that the monument in contemplation is to be of marble, seventeen feet in height, comprising a single figure on a proportionable pedestal, which is capable of being finished either plain or figured, according to the amount of the subscriptions. The *Journal des Modes and New Literary Gazette* of Saturday, speaking of the model, says—

“It is a bold departure from the usual style of statues ; the attitude is perfectly original, and the digression from the hackneyed rules and eternally-repeated attributes of other monumental figures, is at once chaste, simple and elegant ; there is an intensity of thought in the countenance, a dignity and ease in the gesture, which gives an interest to the simple and unadorned figure, beyond what is usual in the most successful of such undertakings ; but those who judge from the etching which was distributed in the room will be most grossly misled ; it is, in fact, comparatively no more like to the original than it is to MICHAEL ANGELO's *Lorenzo de Medici*, or CANOVA's *Graces*.”

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LINANT.

“*Alzaide*,” a tragedy of this writer, was much liked at the house of a lady of quality where it was read ; the public of Paris thought otherwise, and it did not succeed. At the theatre, the lady at hearing this, said to a friend of her's, “Yet, after all, they did not hiss LINANT's tragedy.”—“Alas !” replied he, “can people hiss and yawn at the same time ?”

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The theatre of Cremona was totally destroyed by fire on the 16th February.

# THE DRAMA;

OR,

## THEATRICAL

### POCKET MAGAZINE.

APRIL, 1824.

“The play, the play’s the thing.”—HAMLET.

	PAGE		PAGE
Mrs. Bunn .....	53	THEATRICAL INQUISITION.	
Lines to Lord Byron ..	51	Drury Lane .....	80
Misquotation .....	60	Covent Garden.....	88
Shakspeare’s Contempo-		MINOR DRAMA.	
raries .....	61	English Opera House ..	91
The Stage.....	63	Adelphi.....	96
Dramatic Excerpts, No.	65	Surrey .....	ib.
Dramatic Fragmenta ..	67	Coburg .....	100
Shakspeariana, No. XV.	79	Royal Amphitheatre ..	102
		Sadler’s Well .....	103

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## DRAMATIC ORACLE.

We have at length the satisfaction of presenting our readers, with the long promised portrait of Miss M. TREE by which the first 5 Vols of our work are rendered entirely complete.—The cause of delay has been formerly explained. The generality of our readers are little aware of the trouble which we have in obtaining correct likenesses, and we are always most unwilling to send any drawing to the engravers which is not an authentic one. This will account for the late irregularity of the engravings, an irregularity it has been our anxious study to avoid. We have usually 5 or 6 portraits in the hands of our draughtsman, and engraver, and we are under the necessity, at times, of taking the first they complete, sooner than publish the number without one. Our strongest exertions, shall however be made, to obviate this, we trust, only fault, our numerous subscribers have to find with us.

The whole SAM SAM SON's articles have come to hand, and are excellent, they shall appear in our next. His continued attention, is entitled to our warmest thanks.—CÆDUA's letters have come to hand—but there is so "much ado about nothing" in them, that they have scarcely paid for our loss of time in perusing the questions he asks us, he should have enquired of the publishers. We feel however indebted to him for his good wishes, and shall still further endeavour to merit them. We think he might employ his pen to our advantage on another subject; let him try.—*On the præternatural beings on Shakspeare*, in our next, together with *Lines on Mr. Kean*,—*On Shakspeare*, &c. forwarded by Mr. F. COLE,—and B. W's Query.

A SUBSCRIBER's hint we shall endeavour to pay attention to.—but we think there are some of the characters not worth engraving.—To P.P.P. Yes!

Letters from *Edinburgh*, *Newcastle*, and various other places have been received and were intended for insertion in our present number, but we are again obliged to defer them.—PHILO KEAN's letter shall be returned as requested, and although not inserted, we feel the same indebted for his kindness.—T.J. we suspect to be a *Wag*.—We can do nothing with the *tragedy* sent to us by Mr. HENRY S.—it will be returned according to the direction.

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